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CAROLS

FOR USE DURING

Christmas and Epiphany,

IN THE

CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TORONTO :

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Carols for Christmas & Epiphany.

Christmas.

Hark, hark ! the sweet, sweet
Chiming.

Hark ! hark ! the sweet, sweet chiming
Of merry Christmas bells !
Their low melodious hymning,
A wondrous story tells !
Beneath the stars that glisten
O'er distant Syrian plains,
The watching shepherds listen
To clear, angelic strains.

“To God the highest glory !”
While heavenly arches ring,
Responsive to the story
That Gabriel doth sing :
“The peace on earth whose blessing
Shall bring good will to men ;
And in his name progressing,
Shall fill the world again !

And where the dawn is streaking
The eastern sky, afar,
They see the glory breaking
From off a new-born Star !
It shines above the manger
Wherein a babe is born,
And for that infant stranger
Archangels hail the morn !

No kingly crown awaits him,
No robe of Tyrian dye,
But heavenly choirs his praises
Are sounding through the sky !
For Bethlehem's lowly manger
The King of kings contains !
And Glory ! Glory ! Glory !
The Lord of all he reigns !

Sing sweet Carols.

Sing sweet carols, Christ is born,
Glory, hallelujah !
Sing sweet songs for Christmas morn,
Glory, hallelujah !
Hear the angels' song afar,
As it floats from star to star,
As it floats from star to star,
Glory, hallelujah !

Sing they now as once of old,
 Glory, hallelujah !
Striking on their harps of gold,
 Glory, hallelujah !
Children, join your Christmas hymn
With the chanting seraphim,
With the chanting seraphim,
 Glory hallelujah !

Through the silent skies afar,
 Glory, hallelujah !
See his bright and shining star,
 Glory, hallelujah !
As it shone long years ago,
On Judea's hills of snow,
On Judea's hills of snow,
 Glory, hallelujah !

Jesus once a little child,
 Glory, hallelujah !
Guide us by thy Spirit mild,
 Glory, hallelujah !
Till our Christmas songs we sing
In the city of our King,
In the city of our King,
 Glory, hallelujah !

Good Christian Men, rejoice.

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice ;
Give ye heed to what we say :
 News ! News !

JESUS CHRIST is born to-day :
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.

CHRIST is born to-day !

CHRIST is born to day !

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul, and voice ;
Now ye hear of endless bliss ;
Joy ! Joy !

JESUS CHRIST was born for this !
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed ever more.

CHRIST was born for this !

CHRIST was born for this !

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice ;
Now ye need not fear the grave :
Peace ! Peace !

JESUS CHRIST was born to save !
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall :

CHRIST was born to save !

CHRIST was born to save !

Three Kings of Orient.

We three kings of Orient are ;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

Chorus.—O Star of wonder, Star of night,
Star with Royal Beauty bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect Light.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again ;
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Chorus.—O Star of Wonder, &c.,
Frankincense to offer have I,—
Incense owns a Deity nigh :
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

Chorus.—O Star of Beauty, &c.

Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom ;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Chorus —O Star of Wonder, &c.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice ;
Heav'n sings
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah, the earth replies.

Chorus.—O Star of Wonder, &c.

I know, I know.

I know, I know
Where the green leaves grow,
When the woods without are bare ;
Where a sweet perfume
Of the woodland's bloom
Is afloat on the winter air.
Where tempest strong
Hath howled along
With his war-whoop wild and loud,
Till the broad ribs broke
Of the forest oak,
And his crown of glory bowed.

I know, I know
Where the green leaves grow,
Tho' the groves without are bare ;
Where the branches nod
Of the trees of God,
And the wild vines flourish fair.

For a fragrant crown,
When the LORD comes down,
Of the deathless green we braid,
O'er the altar bright,
Where the tissue white,
Like winter snow is laid.
And we think 'tis meet
The LORD to greet,
As wise men did of old,
With the spiceries
Of incense trees,
And hearts like the hoarded gold.

And so we shake
The snowy flake
From cedar and myrtle fair ;
And the boughs that nod
On the hills of God,
We raise to His glory there.

I know, I know
No place below,
Like the home I fear and love ;
Like the stilly spot
Where the world is not,
But the nest of the Holy Dove.
For there broods He,
'Mid every tree
That grows at the Christmas-tide ;
And there, all year,
O'er the font so clear,
His hovering wings abide.
And so, I know
No place below,
So meet for the bard's true lay,
As the alleys broad
Of the Church of God,
Where nature is green for aye.

The Manger Throne.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright ;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary was born to-night ;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies ;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger bed where our Saviour lies ;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell :
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell :
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night ;
The bells of the City of God peal out,
And the Angels' song still rings in the
height ;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there ;
The clear light of heaven streams out to the
world ;
And Angels of God are crowding the air ;
And heaven and earth, through the spotless
birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

“Sleep ! Holy Babe !”

Sleep ! Holy Babe, upon thy mother's breast ;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe ; Thine Angels watch around
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe ; while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe ; ah ! take Thy brief repose
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That Death alone shall close.

Carol, Carol, Christians.

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity ;
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men ;
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas comes again.
Carol, carol.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity.
Carol ! Carol !

Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow :
Gather them for Jesus ;
Wreathe them for his shrine ;
Make His temple glorious,
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Wreathe your Christmas garland,
Where to Christ, we pray ;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day ;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
Than our holy chancel,
On Christ's Nativity.
Carol, carol.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Carol, carol, Christians !
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets,
With a grateful vow :

Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar,
Humbly to unfold.
Carol, carol.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light !
And to live as lowly,
As Thyself with men ;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim MESSIAH'S Birth.
Come and worship !
Worship CHRIST, the New-born King !
Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Heavenly Light :
Come and worship !
Worship CHRIST, the New-born King !

Saints and Angels join in praising
Thee, the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Evermore their voices raising
To the Eternal THREE IN ONE ;
Come and worship !
Worship CHRIST, the New-born King !

Stars all bright are beaming.

Stars all bright are beaming
From the skies above,
Nature's face all gleaming,
Shines with Heaven's own love.

Chorus.—Wake and sing, good Christians,
On this Birthday Morn,
Heaven and earth are telling
God for man is born.

Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the Lord of all !

Chorus.—Wake and sing, &c.

Born that He might lead us
From this desert home,—
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come !

Chorus.—Wake and sing, &c.

Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our Lord above.

Chorus.—Wake and sing, &c.

Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest
Peace to all the earth!

Chorus.—Wake and sing, &c.

High let us swell our Tuneful Notes.

High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the Angelic Throng.
For Angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And Peace on earth is given,
For lo! the Incarnate SAVIOUR comes,
With messages from Heaven.

Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
His rising Beams adorn;
Let Heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a CHILD is born.

Glory to GOD in highest strains,
In highest worlds be given;
His Will by us on earth be done,
As it is done in Heaven.

Hark ! what mean those Holy Voices.

Hark ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding from the skies ?
Lo ! the Angel Host rejoices,
Heavenly Alleluias rise.

Chorus.—Hark ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding from the skies ?
Lo the Angel Host rejoices,
Heavenly Alleluias rise,

“Glory in the Highest, Glory,”
Thus they chant their joyful strain ;
“Glory in the Highest, Glory,
Peace on earth, Good-will to men.”

Chorus.—Hark, &c.

With their blessed Alleluias,
Hear what wondrous things they tell,
How lost man has now a SAVIOUR,
Born to conquer death and hell.

Chorus.—Hark, &c.

Born Thy people to deliver,
JESU ! from the death of sin ;
Born to make us Thine for ever,—
Still abide our souls within !

Chorus.—Hark, &c.

SON of GOD ! Most Holy JESU !
Endless Glory be to Thee ;
To the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
Now and through Eternity.

Chorus.—Hark, &c.

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol, sweetly carol,
A SAVIOUR born to-day ;
Bear the joyful Tidings,
Oh, bear them far away :
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

Chorus.—Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day ;
Bear the joyful Tidings,
Oh, bear them far away.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the Heavenly song :
Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill, and Peace, and Love,
Glory in the Highest
To GOD Who reigns above.

Chorus.—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time :
Hark ! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime :

Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming Love.

Chorus.—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

Come ! ye Lofty, come ! ye Lowly.

Come ! ye lofty, come ! ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring ;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the KING.
See, in Mary's arms reposing,
CHRIST by highest Heaven adored ;
Come ! your circle round him closing,
Pious hearts that love the LORD.

Come ! ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the CHILD your hearts adore ;
He, the LORD of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor.
Oxen round about, behold them,
Rafters naked, cold, and bare !
See the Shepherds ! God has told them
That the PRINCE of Life lies there.

Come ! ye children blithe and merry,
This one CHILD your model make ;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear Sake.

Come ! ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come ! ye spirits keen and bold,
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a Star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far ;
Come, glad hearts and spirits pining,
For you all has risen a Star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise ;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze !

Hark ! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
CHRIST the LORD to man is born ;
Are not all our hearts, too, singing
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn ?
Still the CHILD, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past ;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

When the Crimson Sun had set.

When the crimson sun had set
Low behind the wintry sea,
On the bright
And cold midnight
Burst a sound of heavenly glee :
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds watching by their fold,
On the crisp and hoary plain,
 In the sky
 Bright Hosts espy,
Singing in a gladsome strain,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Where the manger crib is laid,
In the city fair and free,
 Hand in hand,
 This Shepherd band
Worship CHRIST on bended knee.
 Gloria in excelsis Deo,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Join with us in welcome song,
Ye who in CHRIST's Home abide,
 Sing the Love
 Of GOD above
Shown at happy Christmas-tide.
 Gloria in excelsis Deo,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo.

In the Field with their Flocks abiding.

In the fields with their flocks abiding,
 They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimmering under the starlight,
 The sheep lay white around,

When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er
 them,
And lo ! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love :—
He sang that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease—
“ Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.”

“ To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day !”
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay !
O never had sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the Heavens themselves had never
heard
A gladder choir till then,—
For they sang that Christmas carol,
That never on earth shall cease—
“ Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.”

And the shepherds came to the Manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o'er that rude cradle,
The Virgin Mother smiled ;
And the sky, in the star-lit silence,
Seemed full of the angel lay :
“ To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day ;”

Oh they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.”

Christmas Chimes.

Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night !
Flood all the world with rhythmic light,
For which men long have waited :
Repeat the joyous song that rolled
From heaven's eternal depths of old,
When earth was first created.

Together sing !
For God doth bring
Jesus the everlasting Lord,
To be by all His works adored.

Break forth in praise, angelic throngs !
Spread Bethlehem's plains with sweetest
songs,

A cloud of uttered glory ;—
Enfold therein the shepherds meek,
And those who fadeless pastures seek,
Described in prophets' story.

Adore your King !
For God doth bring
Emmanuel, the Holy Child,
By whom the world is reconciled.

Rejoice, ye waiting Jews devout,
Let your victorious faith ring out !
In swelling *Benedictus* !

The night of watching now is past,
Redemption's Day has come at last !

No more can fear afflict us !

Let trumpets ring

For God doth bring

The promised Heir of David's throne
Whose kingdom all the earth shall own.

Lift up, ye Gentiles, from afar,

Your voice of triumph to the Star

On Sion's forehead flaming ;

For lo ! it burns with heavenly fire,
Of cherished dreams and vague desire

Fulfilment now proclaiming !

Let pæans ring !

For God doth bring

The King all nations longed to find,
The Light and Leader of mankind.

Hark ! How the bells together chime !

All ringing-in the Golden Time,—

The Age of love and glory ;

The Choirs of Heaven and those of Earth
Unite, O Christ, to hail Thy Birth,—

All worlds, as one, adore Thee.

One anthem rolls

From ransomed souls,—

From Nature, and each living thing
To Thee, Incarnate Son and King.

“Hark ! I hear Sweet Music ringing.”

Hark ! I hear sweet music ringing

On the stillness of the morn ;

'Tis the angel-harpers singing,
That the Saviour Christ is born,
And their anthem notes are swelling,
Like the sea waves, full and strong,
For of Jesus they are telling,
In that wond'rous angel-song.

Though the Shepherds were the nighest,
To the angel-harpers when
Their "Hosanna in the highest,"
Fill'd th' astonished ears of men ;
Yet the song, the joy, the glory,
Richer—fuller, comes to us,
For we hear the wondrous story,
From the Manger to the Cross.

'Tis a story full of gladness,
Bringing peace and blessedness :
For it drives away all sadness,
And relieves of all distress ;
'Tis a story giving pleasure,
To the souls bereft of joy ;
And it speaks of endless treasure
For the faithful in the sky.

Christ was cradled in a manger,
And was wrapped in swadd'ling clothes,
That the humblest, poorest stranger,
Might find comfort in his woes.
Jesus led a life of sorrow,
Was acquainted with all grief,
That the desolate might borrow,
From his anguish, sweet relief.

Unto Him, our glorious Ransom,
To the Babe of Bethlehem,
Well may seraphs sing an anthem,
And the children answer them !
Hail we, then, the name of Jesus
On this happy Christmas day !
Who from sin, and sorrow frees us.
We will praise his name for aye !

Bethlehem.

Cradled all lowly,
Behold the Saviour Child,
A Being holy
In dwelling rude and wild !
Ne'er yet was regal state,
Of monarch proud and great,
Who grasp'd a nations fate,
So glorious as the manger bed of
Bethlehem !

No longer sorrow,
As without hope, oh, earth !
A brighter morrow
Dawned with that Infant's birth.
Our sins were great and sore,
But these the Saviour bore,
And God was wroth no more,
His own Son was the Child that lay
in Bethlehem !

Babe weak and wailing,
In lowly village stall,
Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all !

The sacrifice is done,
The world's atonement won,
Till Time its course hath run,
O Jesu, Saviour ! Morning Star of
Bethlehem, O Star of Bethle-
hem !

Epiphany.

From the Eastern Mountains.

From the Eastern Mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise Men in their wisdom
To His humble Home.
Stirred by deep devotion
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way ;
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey Homeward
By that guiding Star.

Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy Radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly Light.
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy Starlit Banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that Heavenly Home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow,
Evermore shall come.

Knowing not the great Creator.

Knowing not the great Creator
Lay the world in deepest night,
When there broke on Eastern mountains.
Wondrously a golden light,
And the grace-star lead the Magi,
To the lowly cattle stall
Whence the glory daily widening
Brought Redemption to us all.

Prostrate fall the bloody altars,
Men to bats their idols fling,
And the Gospel reigns triumphant
To the Ocean's widest ring.
And where its bright beams are burning
Rises up an Empire new,
On the ruins of old temples
Pleads the Offering one and true.

There came three Kings ere break of day.

There came three kings, ere break of day
All on Epiphanie ;
Their gifts they bare both rich and rare
All, all, LORD CHRIST for Thee :
Gold, frankincense and myrrh are there,
Where is the King ? O where ? O where ?
O where is the King ? O where ?

The star shone brightly over-head,
The air was calm and still,
O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill :
We see no throne, no palace fair,
Where is the King? O where? O where?

An old man knelt at a manger low,
A babe lay in the stall ;
The starlight played on the Infant brow,
Deep silence lay o'er all :
A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer :—
There is the King, O there ! O there !

Thou art our God.

Thou art our God, we exalt Thee, we praise Thee,
Faithful and true are Thy Counsels of old :
Hymns of Thanksgiving Thy people shall raise
Thee,
Hailing the mercy thy Prophets foretold.

Bright is Thy coming, and tempests long hovering
Over our world are dispersed by Thy Grace ;
Thou shalt destroy all the face of the covering.
Mantling the sinful, and hiding the base.

This is the joy that enkindles our praises,
This the glad song of Creation's New Birth :
God shall wipe sorrow and tears from all faces,
God shall give Paradise back to our earth.

This is our GOD, lo, for Him we have waited,
This is the LORD, and He cometh to save :
Joy for the world that His Mercy created,
Triumph o'er sin, and o'er death and the grave

Thou art our GOD, and we praise Thee, we bless
Thee,
Wonderful things our Redeemer hath done ;
Great is Thy Power and Thy love, we confess
THEE,
FATHER and SPIRIT and Well-beloved SON.

Easter.

On this glorious Easter Morning.

On this glorious Easter morning,
Robbing death of all its sting,
Shattering Satan's gloomy empire,
Rose our Prophet, Priest and King ;
Rose the Son of God, triumphant,
Conq'ror over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the King of Glory in.

He who left His Father's Glory,
He who stooped from heav'n most high,
Lived as man on earth—and suffer'd,
Died—that man no more should die,

Now returns, a mighty victor,
Conq'ror over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the King of Glory in.

Christians ! this glad Easter morning,
Tells of Light, and Life, and Love ;
Tells us somewhat of the yearning
Felt for man in heaven above ;
Tells how Jesus rose triumphant
Conqueror over death and sin ;
How the everlasting Portals
Ope'd to let their Monarch in.

Tells us, too, the joyful tidings,
That where He is, we shall be ;
And that we, too, shall be like Him,
When we Him in Glory see.
Like Him, Vanquishers of Satan,
Conquerors over death and sin,
Lift your heads, ye heavenly Portals,
Let the ransomed servants in.

For the Sunday School.

Christmas is here.

Sing we all merrily, Christmas is here ;
Day that we love best of days in the year :
Bring forth the holly, the box and the bay,
Deck out the cottage for glad Christmas day.

Chorus.—Christmas is here :
Christmas is here :
Sing we all merrily,
Christmas is here.

Sing we all joyfully ; sing of Christ's birth,
Sing what the angels sang, " Peace upon earth ;"
Parents and children in bright garments dres'd,
Hasten to church to sing praise with the rest.

Chorus.—Christmas is here, &c.

Sing we all merrily, draw round the fire,
Father and mother and grandson and sire,
Tell of the mercies to ev'ry one given,
Talk of the dear ones who left us for heav'n.

Chorus.—Christmas is here, &c.,

Sing we all merrily, Christmas is here ;
Day that we love best of days in the year :
Sisters and brothers and friends far away,
Oh how we wish they were with us to-day.

Chorus.—Christmas is here, &c..

Hark ! to the Merry Bells.

Hark ! to the merry bells which ring,
List to the heavenly Host who sing,
Glory to God with pious mirth,
Good will towards men, and peace on earth.

O Thou who welcome news dost bring,
To ev'ry soul both far and near ;
Lift up thy voice with strength,
Lift up thy voice with strength and sing,
Behold your God, Redeemer, King.

Hail, mighty Prince ! eternal King,
Let heav'n and earth rejoice and sing ;
Angels and men, with one accord,
Break forth in songs to praise the Lord,
Break forth in songs to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies !
Awake, ye slumb'ring mortals, rise !
Awake to joy, and hail the morn,
The Saviour of the world is born,
The Saviour of the world is born.

The Angels' Song.

(*Boys*) Harken ! sisters, harken !
What glorious sounds we hear,
Above Judea's verdant hills
On airs of midnight clear.
Hark the strain ! 'tis floating nigh,—
Strain of sweetest melody :—
(*Boys*) "Glory be to God on High !"
"Glory be to God on High !"
(*Cho.*) "Glory be to God on High !"
(*Girls*) Listen ! brothers, listen !
The music does not cease ;
Angelic voices warble still,
"And on the earth be Peace."

List the Song the Angels sing !
While the heavenly arches ring,
With the blessed words they bring,
(*Boys*) With the blessed words they bring,
(*Cho.*) With the blessed words they bring.

(*Boys*) Hearken ! sisters, hearken !
That heavenly sound again !
The Seraphs bright are chanting still,
They say " Good will to men."
What has brought the glorious light,
And the band of Angels bright,
With their Song of Joy, to-night !
(*Girls*) With their Song of Joy, to-night !
(*Cho.*) With their Song of Joy, to-night !

(*Girls*) Listen ! brothers, listen !
We hear an Angel say :—
" Fear not ; I bring you tidings glad,
A Saviour's born to-day."
Joyful tidings from the sky !
Let each heart and voice reply,
Glory be to God on High !
(*Boys*) Glory be to God on High !
(*Cho.*) Glory be to God on High !

(*Both*) Carol ! we will carol
With joy the glorious strain,
Till all the Earth sings songs of joy,
And Heaven resounds again.
Glory be to God on High !
Glory be to God on High !
Glory be to God on High !
Glory be to God on High !
Glory be to God on High !

Gentle Stars.

Gentle stars were sweetly shining
O'er the manger where He lay ;
Who, an Infant once reclining
Made this precious Christmas Day.
Flesh of our Flesh, just as we are,
Weak and faint, a little child ;
Thus He came, our Jesus, Brother,
To His brethren sin-beguiled.

Chorus.—With glad voices then may we,
Sing around our Christmas Tree :
None can love us as did he,
On this blest nativity.

Glad Tidings.

Glad tidings to the shepherds,
Brought the messengers of old,
Who came on radiant pinions,
With their shining harps of gold,
On the first bright Christmas morning,
In the ages far away,
And they sang the birth of Jesus,
As we sing it here to-day.

Chorus.—Ringing out, ringing out
Are the joy-bells,—gayly ringing,
Glad tidings from the skies.

Flinging back, flinging back
Are our hearts and voices,—flinging
The echoes sweet that rise,
The echoes sweet that rise :—
A Child is born, a Son is given,
To us a glorious gift from Heaven.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Amen.

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.

Glad tidings still are sounding
Of a Saviour born to-day,
To heal the broken hearted,
And to wipe their tears away.
Hark! He calls the heavy laden
And the weary to His breast,
And He takes their cares upon Him,
Saying: “I will give you rest.”

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.,

Glad tidings, little children,
For a Child was born to-day,
Who knows your many trials,
And Who sorrows when you stray.
Ever go to Him in trouble,
Freely tell him all your grief,
He's your dearest Friend and Brother,
And can ever give relief.

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.,

Glad tidings, lonely Captive,
Jesus comes to set thee free.

Glad tidings, homeless Wanderer,
He'll prepare a place for thee
In His Father's House in Glory,
Where are many mansions bright ;
There, if here we love Him truly,
We shall dwell with Him in light.

Chorus.—Ring out, &c.,

Cheerily, Cheerily, Sing We All.

Cheerily, Cheerily, sing we all,
On Christmas Eve the shadows fall.
On Christmas Morn the Sunlight breaks,
And all the world to gladness wakes.
The leaves are dead, the birds are fled,
The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold :
But Bells may ring, and Children sing
For bright and warm is our Shepherd's fold.

Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all,
For the day of the year, it draweth
near,
We children love our own to call.
Christmas, Sweet Christmas, wel-
come here.
Oh, day of days most dear, most dear,
Christmas, Sweet Christmas, wel-
come here.

Heavily hung is our Christmas-tree,
Its boughs they glitter for you and me.
The hemlock branches, piled with snow,
In ever-green woods bend not so low.

God giveth all. The ravens call.
He hears them. So let us begin.
He hears alway, when children pray ;
For He himself a child hath been.

Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily sing we all, &c.,

Dear Lord we would not selfish be,
All hearts are not so glad as we.
Remember, then, thy poor to-night,
And flood their darkness with Thy light ;
The hungry feed, the wanderers lead,
The sorrowing soothe, the captive free.
And pity, we pray, on the children's day,
All those who have no Christmas-tree.

Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all, &c.,

Where Greenwood Garlands Sweetly Twine.

Where greenwood garlands sweetly twine,
Where wave the plumes of fir and pine,
We shout glad news, the Saviour's born,
This Christmas morn, this jewelled morn.

The Lord of Grace and boundless love,
Stoops from His throne, all thrones above,
To save His wounded lambs and torn,
This Christmas morn, this gladsome morn !

How Beautiful our Christmas-Tree.

How beautiful our Christmas-tree ;
Amid its branches green
The star-like tapers brightly glow,
And pretty gifts are seen.
The goodness of our many friends
These boughs rich-laden prove ;
But, most of all, we call to mind
Our Heav'nly Father's love.

For brighter light than now we see
Shone at the Saviour's birth,
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Rose o'er the sinful earth.
And far more precious than these gifts
Was that great, heavenly one ;
The first, the richest Christmas gift
Of God's beloved Son.

O Light of Light ! Thy radiance shed
And fill us with Thy love ;
Be Thou our portion here on earth,
And make us Thine above.
Then, near the glorious Tree of Life,
Hosannas will we raise
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Through everlasting days.

The Christmas Tree.

Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Ever green
Have its branches been,
It is king of all the woodland scene :
For Christ, our King, is born to-day,
His reign shall never pass away.

Chorus.—Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna in the highest !

Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Once the pride
Of the mountain side,
Now cut down to grace our Christmas-tide :
For Christ from heaven to earth came down,
To gain, through death, a nobler crown.

Chorus.—Hosanna, &c.,

Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Gather around the Christmas Tree,
Every bough
Bears a burden now,
They are gifts of love for us, we trow ;
For Christ is born His love to show,
And give good gifts to men below.

Chorus.—Hosanna, &c.,

Sing, Sing for Christmas.

Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome happy day,
For Christ is born, our Saviour,
To take our sins away.
Sing, sing a joyful song,
Loud and clear to-day,
To praise our Lord and Saviour,
Who in the manger lay.

Chorus.—Sing, sing for Christmas,
Welcome happy day,
For Christ is born our Saviour,
To take our sins away.

Tell, tell the story
Of the wondrous night,
When shepherds who were watching
Their flocks till morning light,
Saw Angel-hosts from Heaven,
Heard the Angel voice,
And so were told the tidings
Which make the world rejoice.

Chorus.—Sing, sing for Christmas, &c.

Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
Be worship, honour, glory,
And praise to God on high.

Peace, peace, good-will to men,
Born the Child from Heaven,
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour
The Son to you is given.

Chorus.—Sing, sing for Christmas, &c.

Sing, sing for Christmas,
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honour, glory
And praise to God on high.
Sing, sing, the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace.

Chorus.—Sing, sing for Christmas, &c.
